

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

## OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 378.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

PRICE 1½d.

### LAST NEWS FROM DR LIVINGSTONE.\*

On the 10th March 1858, the expedition to the Zambesi, under the command of Dr Livingstone, left Liverpool in the screw-steamer *Pearl*, of 200 tons burden, commanded by Captain Duncan, bound for Ceylon, but which had engaged to put us ashore at the mouth of the Zambesi. Our expedition consisted of Dr Livingstone, Charles Livingstone, Dr Kirk, Commander Bedingfield, R.N., Thomas Baines, Richard Thornden, and myself, the engineer. We were accompanied by Mrs Livingstone and her youngest child, a fine boy of six years of age. On the deck of the *Pearl* was securely placed our little steam-launch, in three compartments, all fitted and in readiness to be bolted together on our arrival at the mouth of the Zambesi. We arrived all safely at the Cape of Good Hope, towards the end of April; but having, on my late voyage home, been shipwrecked, and lost my journal, I cannot now be certain of the correct dates. At the Cape, Mrs Livingstone and her son left us, for the purpose of going with her father, the Rev. Mr Moffat, to the missionary station at Kuruman. We left Simon's Bay on the 1st of May, and on the 15th, reached the mouth of the Zambesi, in lat. 18 degrees, long. 36 degrees, on the south-eastern coast, having steamed all the way.

My duties now commenced, and I immediately proceeded to get our launch out. This was a most anxious period for Dr Livingstone; but as I had been planning during the whole voyage how we should get the launch over the ship's side, we lost no time, but at once erected a derrick, and succeeded in getting her safely into the water; and on the third day after, had steam up, and started in search of a navigable channel to the Zambesi.

Our first attempt was up the west Luabo, a distance of about fifty miles, which it took us three days to accomplish; and this apparent river terminated in a reedy marsh, where the mosquitoes were so plentiful and so hungry, that both my eyes were completely closed up in the morning; so we had nothing for it but about ship, and return to the *Pearl*. On reporting to Dr Livingstone the failure of our search, he requested Captain Duncan to recross the bar, and attempt the Kongone. The *Pearl* then departed, leaving us in the launch, where we remained one week, until the arrival, outside the bar, of H.M.S. *Hermes*,

Captain Gordon, which signalled us to come out, and enter the Kongone, where we found the *Pearl* lying at anchor inside the bar.

On communicating with the *Pearl*, we found that Dr Livingstone and Mr Skede had gone up the Kongone in the *Hermes's* cutter. Next morning, we started in the launch, and after steaming about thirty miles up the river, met the cutter coming down, they having succeeded in finding a good navigable channel. We returned in company to the *Pearl*, which then proceeded up the river a distance of about forty miles; and finding she could not with safety proceed further, on account of the shallowness of the water, we started again in our launch in search of a suitable island—of which there are many—on which to erect our store-house. After mature consideration, our commander decided upon one about thirty miles above where we had left the *Pearl*, and which was named Expedition Island. And now we proceeded to erect an iron house, which we had brought with us for the purpose of serving as a dépôt for our stores. It took us about four weeks to get all our stores safely conveyed up to the island and deposited in our store-house.

The *Pearl* then left us to our own resources, and proceeded on her voyage to Ceylon. Afterwards, our first step was to make out Mazoro, a Portuguese settlement, about fifteen miles further up the river. On arriving at this place, we found the natives at war with the Portuguese. They took us also in our launch for Portuguese, and were threatening to fire upon us, when Dr Livingstone, without hesitation, at once went on shore, and having told them who we were, completely disarmed them, and made them our fast friends.

Dr Livingstone being now certain that we were in the right river, and that there were no insurmountable obstacles between us and Tette, we returned to Expedition Island for a load of stores, which we purposed taking on to Sanna, a Portuguese town, situated about fifty miles above Mazoro. On our way up to Sanna, when about one mile above Mazoro, the morning being very thick and foggy, we were steaming along as usual, when it suddenly cleared up, and we saw the dead bodies of several natives, half-eaten by alligators, which are here very numerous and large. We called Dr Livingstone's attention to this, and he said there must have been fighting going on; and immediately afterwards, on winding a sharp angle of the river, we came in view of a large encampment of the Portuguese, who had taken the field to quell a rebellion of the natives of the surrounding districts. Being hailed by the Portuguese officers, who had heard of our being in the river, and knew who we were, we drew close inshore, and were informed by

\* This report of Dr Livingstone's new expedition is from the pen of his engineer, Mr Rae, who recently returned to England. We have concluded that, though but a sketch, it will gratify curiosity intermediately, without prejudice to the ampler accounts which may in time be looked for from the venerated chief of the enterprise.

them that their governor, who was commanding in person, was very sick of fever. They wished Dr Livingstone to come on shore to see him, who at once consented, and accompanied them to the governor's quarters, whom he found very ill and much reduced. Dr Livingstone proposed that he would remove him in the launch to Supanga, a distance of about thirty-five miles further up, on the opposite or right bank of the river. During this time, the fighting had recommenced, and great numbers of the Portuguese slaves were flying before the rebels, and tried to force their way on board of us, but were kept off by our own hands, principally Kroomen, armed with cutlasses, as, if they had got on board, they would undoubtedly have swamped us. Finding they could not get on board of us, they swam off for an island about a mile from the shore, and I here saw a Portuguese sergeant shooting at them while they were swimming. Several of the shots seemed to take effect, as some of the heads disappeared.

Becoming alarmed for the safety of Dr Livingstone, I took my rifle, and went ashore, and on reaching the top of the bank, about 150 yards from the launch, saw Dr Livingstone at the distance of half a mile assisting the governor towards the launch. I immediately sang out to our firemen to get up steam. The bullets were flying around them in all directions. The doctor, however, kept steadily on, and was enabled to reach us in safety, bringing with him his patient, who was so tall that while one half of him was on the doctor's back, the other half was trailing on the ground. As soon as we got under cover of the bank, the doctor said: 'I am glad we have got this length, Rae, for I don't like those bullets whistling past my ears.'

Steam being now up, we started at once for Supanga, where we arrived in safety about 5 P.M., and learned afterwards that the Portuguese had that day been defeated, losing all their stores. We now made several trips to and from Expedition Island, and got the most of our stores removed to Supanga, Sanna, and Tette; but our vessel being small and slow, much valuable time was lost in these journeys. Dr Livingstone was very anxious to get all this work over, and worked himself night and day in order to get us all out of the lower part of the river, where fevers are so common; and this he happily accomplished about the end of September, when we arrived for the first time at Tette, and Dr Livingstone met the Makolo, whom he had left there two years before, and who had all remained there, in the firm belief that he would return.

The meeting was truly a happy one—the men rushing into the water up to their very necks in their eagerness once more to see their white father. Their joy was perfectly frantic. They seized the boat, and nearly upset it, and fairly carried the doctor ashore, singing all the time that their white father was alive again, their faith in whom was quite unshaken. On inquiry, we found that thirty of them had died from small-pox, and six had been murdered by a drunken chief. They told us that they did not mourn for the thirty who had died, but that their hearts were bleeding for those who were murdered.

Up to this time, all the natives we had seen were slaves to Portuguese owners, with the exceptions of Dr Livingstone's Makolo men, and the rebel party formerly mentioned, who were mostly runaway slaves fighting for their liberty under a chief named Mariana; and I have little doubt they would have succeeded in establishing their independence, had they been better provided with ammunition. I have since learned, from reliable sources, that about six hundred male and female prisoners, afterwards taken by the Portuguese, were by them sold as slaves to some other markets; and I myself saw a large party of them, seemingly from 400 to 600, on their way to the coast to be shipped.

After this, having with enormous labour and difficulty got our goods and stores into places of safety, and having found that our launch was insufficient for the purpose of further ascending the Zambesi, and Dr Livingstone having written to her Majesty's government, urging upon them to send out a more powerful steamer, he thought, while waiting replies from home, that instead of remaining idle, he would push up the Shire, which comes from the north, and joins the Zambesi about forty miles below Sanna. From this attempt, the Portuguese endeavoured to dissuade us, stating that we would find it impassable, on account of the vast quantities of duck-weed with which they said it was covered. For a very short distance above its junction with the Zambesi we certainly met with considerable quantities, but not such as to stop us; and about three miles up the river became perfectly clear, and we proceeded onwards, where not even the Portuguese had ever been, they having spoken from report only; after steaming about forty to fifty miles up this noble river, finding never less than two fathoms' water, and the banks of the river very fertile land, we reached the base of a large mountain, called by the natives Moramballa, whose summit is nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The inhabitants of the country, from the mouth of the river up to this point, are the natives who acknowledge the leadership of Mariana, and who were most friendly to us. We stopped here one day, and a party of us ascended the mountain, and thence saw the Shire stretching far away northward, through a magnificent valley, nowhere under twenty miles in breadth, as far as the eye could reach.

Starting up the river next day to explore this great valley, we steamed about one hundred miles, which it took four days to accomplish, and reached a series of rapids, preventing further progress in that direction; these rapids Dr Livingstone named the Murchison Falls. We landed at several villages each day, and found the natives very friendly to us, and living in the enjoyment of their own liberties, and perfectly uncontaminated by the slave-trade. At first, they were rather afraid that we meant to fight for the purpose of subjecting them to our power, but Dr Livingstone soon obtained their entire confidence. We were told by them that the Shire flowed out of a lake named by them the Shirwa, but we could not at that time proceed further. Returning again to Tette, for the purpose of refitting, but with the intention of returning to endeavour to reach Lake Shirwa, we found our comrades all well, and rejoiced to see us.

After remaining at Tette for two or three weeks, I erected the small sugar-mill, saw-mill, and stationary steam-engine, which we brought from Glasgow, and got all ready for a start in the sugar-making and wood-cutting lines. Having been supplied with a quantity of sugar-canes by Major Sicard, we set to work expressing the juice, to the great delight of the natives. But the wonder of wonders was the steam-engine and saw-mill, cutting the timber.

We started for the Shire once more on the 10th March 1859, and proceeded again up to Murchison Falls, finding that the good character we had established on our former visit was now of very great service to us with the natives. This valley of the Shire we found abounding in cotton and large quantities of sugar-cane. The cotton the natives manufacture themselves into a coarse kind of cloth, and the sugar-cane they use as food, not knowing how to extract the sugar. We found also large numbers of the lignum-vitæ tree, of a great size, ebony and boaza trees. The bark of the last tree is of a fibrous nature, and is used by the natives for the manufacture of cordage. The river abounds in edible fish of various kinds, and hippopotami of a very large size frequent its banks. Ivory is very plentiful, and I have counted two hundred and two bull elephants in a single herd.

When we neared Murchison Falls, we met the head-chief of the valley, named Chibiesa, whom we had not seen on our former trip, but who now received us most kindly. He informed us that his favourite daughter had been stolen by the Portuguese about two years before our visit, and was, he understood, now living at Tette, in the house of the priest; he asked Dr Livingstone if he thought there was any possibility of recovering her from them, as her mother's heart was always bleeding for her child. Dr Livingstone replied, that provided he found her at Tette, he had little doubt of being able to procure her freedom and send her home. After Dr Livingstone's return from Lake Shirwa to the mouth of the Shire, as he himself was not going up to Tette, but down to the mouth of the Zambesi, he redeemed his promise by writing to Major Sicard to have this young girl, only fourteen years of age, set at liberty, and returned at his expense to her parents, which was accomplished, and she safely returned, to their great joy.

Dr Livingstone, accompanied by Dr Kirk, proceeded northward, and discovered Lake Shirwa; while I remained in charge of the launch and the hands at the bottom of the Falls. Chibiesa having sent some of his own men to accompany Dr Livingstone, he was everywhere kindly received and treated; but he found this Lake Shirwa not to be the source of the Shire, but a lake having no outlet, and consequently brackish: he was told by the natives that beyond Lake Shirwa there was another lake of immense extent, out of which Dr Livingstone conjectured the Shire to flow; but he could not at present undertake this journey, his party returning all in good health to the launch, after an absence of thirty-five days.

After a few days spent at Tette to refit, we started again towards the end of June, with intention of reaching the great lake. We arrived at Murchison Falls about the end of August 1859, and leaving the launch there, started on our journey. The exploring-party consisted of Dr Livingstone, Dr Kirk, Mr Livingstone, and myself, with about forty Makolo, accompanied by four of Chibiesa's men to act as our guides. They knowing the way, we experienced little difficulties, except those presented by an unknown country, and got along at about the rate of twelve miles a day. The Murchison Rapids extend about thirty-five miles, after which we found a deep navigable river all the way to Lake Nyassa. The river falls during these thirty-five miles about 1300 feet, the scenery being grand, and the valleys very fertile. Above the Falls, the valley again spreads out to about eighteen or twenty miles in width, and the country abounds with the cotton and indigo plants, and the same useful woods that we had met with below the Falls—ebony, lignum-vitæ, &c. We also fell in with a soft wood, which I believe would be good for carpenter-work in general. It is also a well-watered country, very healthy. We were forty nights sleeping in the open air, and suffered no inconvenience, nor experienced any evil effects afterwards.

About three days' journey from the head of the Falls, being on the left bank of the Shire, we began to meet with slave-parties, bound for the coast of Mozambique; and all the way up to the lake we met parties of slave-hunters, and found villages deserted, the inhabitants fleeing to the woods at our approach, supposing us to be on the like errand. On finding this, Dr Livingstone despatched two of Chibiesa's men in advance, to inform the natives we were Englishmen—the black man's friends—which had everywhere the desired effect of allaying their fears.

And here it may be well that I should give some account of the slave-hunters' usual mode of procedure when on a stealing expedition. The men who follow this nefarious trade are all half-caste Arabs, black-guard-looking fellows, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and generally on foot. The hunting-parties we met numbered from three to twenty or more, and

were attended by a number of their own slaves. Stealing up during the night to some village marked as the scene of their depredations, they lurk about until morning, when the children and younger members of the community are beginning to move about; these they seize, one after the other, until they obtain a considerable number. The peaceful inhabitants having no firearms, are powerless either to defend or recover their stolen offspring. These are then secured by means of a long forked stick, the neck of the poor victim being placed between the prongs, and a piece of bamboo tied across in front of the throat. The slave-hunter then takes the extreme end of this cruel instrument of torture, and by means of it pushes them along, and should any of them prove refractory, a twist of his hand nearly strangles them. I have myself seen bands of them, four and five at a time—as we were told, newly captured—with their necks all chafed and bleeding, and their eyes streaming with tears, principally young men of ten to eighteen years of age, driven along in this inhuman manner. We also met a large party near Lake Nyassa on the 17th September 1859—the same day on which we discovered the lake—consisting of between four and five hundred poor creatures, being led off to slavery, and lately torn from their peaceful homes.

We were told by a native chief named Massasoweka, that this party was in his neighbourhood, and he was afraid they might do us harm. While he was yet speaking, five of the slave-hunters, having heard of our being there, came up to us, supposing us to be of the same profession, bringing with them six children, boys and girls, of six to eight years of age, wishing us to purchase them, and offered them to us for about a yard of calico apiece; but finding we were English, they at once decamped; and before daylight next morning the whole camp had disappeared, the mere mention of the English name being sufficient to put them all to flight. The slaves that we saw of this party were jaded and travel-worn, and some of them reduced to perfect skeletons.

From the information we obtained in the lake district, we understand that the country, from the sea-coast inland to the Shire and Lake Nyassa, is almost depopulated; and the slave-hunters are now crossing the Shire to the west, for the purpose of procuring additional supplies for the slave-trade along the coast from Quillimane to Zanzibar. Colonel Rigby, the English consul at Zanzibar, told me that 19,000 slaves per annum to his knowledge, besides great numbers that he cannot obtain proper account of, are brought from the district near Lake Nyassa. It is the opinion of Dr Livingstone and all our party—and in conversing with Colonel Rigby, he concurs with us—that a single steamer placed on Lake Nyassa, and manned by British subjects, would be sufficient to put an end to most of the traffic.

The first to set eyes on Lake Nyassa was Dr Livingstone himself, who shouted out: 'Our journey is ended! Hurrah, my boys!' His men had before this been anxious for a termination to their very arduous toils.

Arrived at the shores of the lake, observations were taken by Dr Livingstone, when he found we were in lat. 14° 25' S. The lake is of immense extent, the Shire flowing out of it to the south; and the rise and fall of the river does not exceed two feet, according to observations made for two years, shewing that the lake must be of immense extent to maintain such an equal flow. The length of this piece of water we had no means of ascertaining; but on inquiring at Massasoweka, a very intelligent old chief, seemingly about a hundred years of age, how long we might take to travel to the head of the lake, his first answer was a derisive laugh, and said: 'You can never travel to the end of this large water. Neither we nor our forefathers, after travelling four moons, could find or hear of the end, so white men need not try it.'



The lake had every appearance of a great sea, for although the day was calm, there was a heavy deep swell setting in upon the shore. From all the information we could gather here and elsewhere, the whole of the slave-traffic from the west side of the Shire and Lake Nyassa to the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts passes through between the northern end of Lake Shirwa and the southern end of Lake Nyassa, a space of only about ten or twelve miles broad; and a single steamer running from and to the Murchison Falls and on Lake Nyassa must cut off the entire traffic.

On the 18th September, we left the shores of Lake Nyassa, pleased and thankful that we had been the instruments in the hands of Providence to reveal to the civilised world this great and important country; and hoping that, ere long, we should be enabled to return to do something to advance civilisation, and check the horrid traffic in human beings that prevails to such an enormous extent, well knowing that this was the object nearest our great leader's heart. On our return-journey, we were everywhere treated with the greatest kindness by the natives; and when about thirty miles south of Lake Nyassa, on the eastern side of the Shire valley, arrived at Mount Zombo, one of a range of mountains many miles in length, which, although fatigued with our long journey, Dr Livingstone, Dr Kirk, and myself determined to ascend. This task we accomplished after great difficulty; and found by the aneroid the height of the mountain to be about 7000 feet above the sea. The view from the summit was grand beyond expression. Near the summit, winding through the ravines, we came upon a considerable river, as broad as the Leven above Dumbarton, and which seemed to flow into Lake Shirwa. The water we tasted, and found sweet and palatable. While resting on the top, we sent on two of our men to inform the chief of our being on his ground, and he immediately sent back an invitation to visit him; his messengers bringing with them a present for us, consisting of three goats, half-a-dozen fowls, three large wooden bowls filled with meal, and some vegetables, which were all acceptable. We were obliged, for the present, to decline his invitation, but promised to give him a call next time we were in his neighbourhood. His head-man assured us he had plenty of honey and milk, and wished to get the news from the sea. We found on the summit of this hill heath in bloom exactly the same in appearance as that found upon our Scottish mountains, and also wild-berries having the same flavour and appearance as those at home, only being rather smaller. Dr Kirk, as botanist, examined both of them, and brought off specimens. Dr Livingstone also cut and brought off a pepper-stick to make a walking-staff. We remained upon the top of the hill all night, sleeping in the open air, and in the morning woke up to find it extremely cold until sunrise, although this was the hot season. This was the greatest degree of cold I felt in Africa. We descended shortly after daybreak, and joined our party, the same day, at a village about four miles from the bottom of the mountain.

We then proceeded onwards, meeting everywhere with a hearty welcome from the natives, until on the 8th of October we again got in safety to our launch, at the bottom of the Murchison Falls, having been absent forty days on this exploring-journey.

Dr Kirk being now deputed by Dr Livingstone to proceed overland from the Murchison Falls to Tette, I started with him on that journey on the 18th October, accompanied by thirty of the Makolo men. This being a part of the country never formerly traversed by Europeans, and very thinly inhabited, our journey proved to be the most toilsome and difficult that we had yet undertaken. Immediately upon leaving the valley of the Shire, we struck into the mountains lying to the south-west, and entered a barren country, through

which we travelled three or four days without meeting any natives, or falling in with any of their villages, where we could purchase fowls or other food, so were entirely dependent upon the stock we carried with us, which consisted only of about a dozen pounds of salt pork. Water also was very scarce, we being sometimes a day and a half without getting any, and even what we procured was very salt and brackish, and in such very small quantities, that instead of quenching, it frequently only aggravated our thirst. On the fourth day, the man who carried our pork disappeared, having fallen behind our party, and we now experienced the pangs of hunger in earnest; but, most providentially, on the fifth day from leaving the Shire, towards mid-day, we reached a pretty large village where our wants were attended to, and where we remained the following night. In the morning, we purchased from these hospitable natives, a sheep—for which we paid about a fathom of calico; six or eight fowls, paying for them about a yard of calico; and some meal for our men, which cost us about ten of our glass-beads; and being once more provisioned, we again set out upon our journey, and found the same scarcity of water still prevailing; we occasionally met herds of antelopes, but could not get near enough to them for a shot. By this time, we were drawing near to the Portuguese territory, and food was more easily procured, the country being here more thickly inhabited; and on the eighth day from our leaving Murchison Falls, arrived at Tette, where, after procuring supplies of provisions, and also some materials much wanted for the repair of our steam-launch, which we purposed executing at the mouth of the Kongone, where we could beach her, we started in the pinnace, early in November, to go down the Zambesi; and after fifteen days' sailing, met our leader with the launch, at Kongone, where he had arrived nearly two weeks before us.

H.M.S. *Lynx*, Captain Barclay, was also lying off the bar, and with the assistance of her engineers, we got the launch patched up, and once more afloat; but after three days, had again to beach her, other leaks breaking out as fast as we could stop up old ones; so we now had no other resource but stop up her leaks with clay, finding it quite impossible to keep her afloat any other way. We once more started about the end of December, in the launch, for Tette, where we arrived after much difficulty and frequent stoppages to repair, about the beginning of February 1860. It having been now decided by Dr Livingstone that I should be sent home to procure a more powerful and portable steamer, to be specially adapted for the navigation of the river Shire above the Falls, and also Lake Nyassa, we left Tette for the mouth of the river on the 18th of February, where we expected to meet, according to appointment, one of her Majesty's ships, in which I was to return to England. But on our arrival at the bar, about the end of February, finding no ship due until the 15th of March, Dr Livingstone sent me round to Quillimane, where we expected to find some ship in which I could get a passage home; but I had to remain there until the middle of June.

As the launch had by this time become perfectly useless, Dr Livingstone, knowing that nothing could be done without a steamer, resolved to redeem his promise made to Seheleu on his former visit, by accompanying the Makolo men to their own country, a journey they of themselves could never have accomplished, on account of the dangers to which they would be exposed from neighbouring tribes; and while I remained at Quillimane, I had letters from him, dated 15th May, in which he stated that on the following day he purposed leaving Tette, where he then was, accompanied by Dr Kirk and Mr Charles Livingstone, for that purpose. I also had letters from Major Sicard, in which he stated that he had

news from Dr Livingstone, then two days upon his upward journey, and that he had sent with him a number of natives to assist him in his progress. While I remained at Quillimane—as was to be expected from the low, marshy nature of the country—I had an attack of fever; and Dr Livingstone being far away, I felt very much the want of that skill and attention which he was so well qualified, and always willing to give. On the 14th of June, H.M.S. *Lyra*, Captain Oldfield, arrived at Quillimane. Captain Oldfield informed me that on the 2d he stood off the Kongone, and sent in two boats, expecting to find me there; and most unfortunately, when crossing the bar, one of the boats was swamped, and the pay-master drowned, a circumstance which gave me great grief. I was taken on board the *Lyra* on the 14th, which left Quillimane the same evening, and towards the end of the month reached the island of Johanna, where we fell in with a small schooner bound for the Mauritius, on board of which we shipped the cases of botanical specimens, and confided to the care of her captain Dr Livingstone's dispatches; but for want of room he could not give me a passage. Captain Oldfield, indeed, was very much opposed to my risking a voyage in such a small vessel. After this, I cruised about on this station in the *Lyra*, whose particular duty was the prevention of the slave-trade, and whose captain was a terror to all the slave-dealers on the coast, and I had the good-fortune to assist in the capture of a slaver of 300 tons, fitted up for 1000 slaves.

An American bark, the *Guide*, Captain M'Millan, having come into the port, bound for Aden, and as there was no prospect of my getting a passage to the Cape before December, I considered it the best way to carry out the wishes of Dr Livingstone, and for the good of the expedition, that I should embark in her for Aden, and thence, per Peninsular and Oriental Co.'s steamers, to England, which I calculated would land me there by the middle of September.

We sailed from Zanzibar on the 30th of August in the *Guide*, hailing from Salem. Our ship's company consisted, as nearly as I can now recollect, of twenty Americans, besides three Spanish ladies, passengers, and myself. On September 4, about midnight, the vessel struck, and went ashore at Rass Haffoon, near the Gulf of Aden. The boats were immediately lowered, the wind blowing fresh at the time, and we got biscuits and water put on board, and the passengers' private luggage, with the intention of pulling out to sea, so as to reach Aden; but the surf being very heavy, our boats were all swamped and knocked to pieces against the ship's sides, when we lost everything of which we were formerly possessed. With great difficulty, we again scrambled on to the ship's decks; and as daylight was now just beginning to break, we could see the land about two hundred yards' distant, the ship being forced ashore by the action of the surf. As daylight increased, the natives appeared in hundreds, and by eight A.M. they succeeded in boarding us. At first, they pretended to be friendly to us; but on seeing that we were perfectly helpless, and our boats all destroyed, they commenced plundering the passengers and ship, tearing the earrings from the ladies' ears, and flourishing their long knives, as if they intended to massacre the whole of us. We then dropped over the ship's side into the water, which was now a few feet deep, and escaped to the shore during the excitement consequent upon the plundering of the vessel, taking with us only the clothes in which we stood, and about 14,000 dollars in gold pieces, divided amongst us, for the purpose of aiding us to get away from the coast. We travelled along the shore towards the north-east, in search of water, and also to be out of the reach of ill-usage at the hands of the natives, who we now found were Sumalies with a mixture of Arabs, all well armed with assegais and long knives, and seemingly

bent upon our destruction. On the first day we reached the rock of Rass Haffoon, where we wandered about for two days more, searching for water, and keeping a lookout, hoping to see some ship pass near us. On the evening of the third day from that of the wreck, five of the crew went off in search of water, which they expected to find near a green bush which we saw at a short distance. These men never returned, and we learned afterwards that they had all been murdered, and saw some of the natives wearing their clothes. Our sufferings at this time were indescribable, our tongues perfectly parched, and our voices so much altered, that we could scarcely understand what each other said. I scraped away the sand to fit my side, so that I might lie comfortably at night. On the third morning, Captain M'Millan and I started for the north side of the rock, in search of the men who had left us the preceding evening, and hoping also to fall in with fresh water. This, although only three miles distant, was, in our weakened condition, and with the hot glare of the sun reflected from the sand, a most painful and laborious journey; but our labour was in vain, as we could neither see nor hear of the missing men, found no water, and could see no ship.

On rejoining our companions in misfortune, despair was in every heart: six of the crew and the three ladies talked of destroying themselves by drowning. I was a few steps off when this was proposed. Captain M'Millan came to me, and said: 'What do you think of the proposal?' My answer was: 'I have not the slightest intention of doing so yet; as long as there is life, there is hope.' By this time, we were now approaching the others; the ladies had got to their feet, and were walking off to the water. Some of the crew then asked me: 'How long can we live, Rae, without food or water?' My reply was: 'At least eight or ten days; and if you remain here at rest, you may probably live longer.' The ladies stood still hearing this conversation, and wishing us all to go into the water and die together; but I opposed this, and said: 'Come, let us try and get to the wreck.' The men objected, saying: 'Although we go to the wreck, we will just be killed—better die here than be murdered.' I then said: 'There is a chance of us not being murdered; and if we get back to the ship, we are sure of a drink of water, and perhaps some food.'

The mate insisted that we should not go: 'We will not be long a-dying here; we will be dead by to-morrow night.' After some more argument and talking of the same sort, we all sat down, and it was now proposed to kill the captain's dog, which had accompanied us from the ship. The dog was instantly killed by a blow from an axe, and some of the crew ate a small part of the flesh. I put a small piece over my lips, to keep them moist, they being severely cracked and very painful.

After some further persuasion on the part of Captain M'Millan and I, they were all got upon their feet; but the ladies still insisted on destroying themselves, and walked towards the water. I followed, and caught hold of one of them, and carried her along; the others then turned, and followed, and we all proceeded in the direction of the wreck, lying about seven miles distant, several of the crew shewing symptoms of mental aberration.

To the best of my recollection, we reached the wreck on the fifth day, but from this time I lost all recollection of the days of the week or month. We went straight to the ship's side, and tried to scramble up, but in our weak state, only a few of us succeeded. By this time the natives were again around us, and stripped us of our clothes, allowing us to retain only the shirt and trousers. I walked up to a tent made of our sails, where a pleasant-looking old woman was standing at the door, from whom I begged as much water as would wet my lips. She handed me a skin-bottle nearly full

of water, which I drained to the bottom, without removing it from my lips. The woman tried to seize it, but I turned round and avoided her. This draught of water revived me very much, and I again made for the ship's side, and attempted to scramble up, but fell back repeatedly into the water. On being observed by some of the crew who had got on board, they threw me a rope, and by their help I succeeded in reaching the deck of the ship, and found everything gone, except some pieces of salt pork kicking about the decks, and also a tank of fresh water, which the natives had not discovered.

By this time, we had all got on board, and soon got a fire lighted, and the pork ready for eating; and we now learned that one of the chief's head-men had arrived at the wreck from the interior. He inquired at one of the Spanish ladies if there were any English amongst us, on which she pointed to me, and said: 'There is one man belonging to the Queen of England; that man must be saved, and sent back; and we hope that on his account you will spare us all.' His reply was, that he had orders from his sultan, if there were any English, he was to protect them until the arrival of the chief. We lived for five days, with very little food, under his protection. After five or six days, the chief himself came on board, and asked for the man belonging to the Queen of England. I was immediately pointed out to him; and going up to him, he said in Arabic: 'You are English? To-night, I will send you a sheep.' I asked him, was there any chance of our ever getting away from this place. He replied that he would do his utmost to get me and the ladies sent off, and after a long delay, despatched us in an open boat, called in their language *dohr*, to Makullah, where we arrived on the 14th of October. We then went to the sultan, by whom we were received with great kindness. He gave us a house in which we all were to live, and provided us with food during our stay, and also sent cloth to make clothes for us.

On the 22d of October, having been provided with another *dohr* by the liberality of the sultan, we left Makullah, and on the 25th October 1860, arrived at the British settlement of Aden, and felt once more secure under the protection of the British flag. I then reported myself to Captain Playfair, the political agent at Aden, who told me he would send me second-class to Southampton as a distressed British subject; and accordingly, on the 29th October, I sailed in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Colombo* for Suez; thence overland to Alexandria; and home by the mail-steamer *Ceylon* to Southampton, where I arrived on the 17th of November, grateful to Providence for having so mercifully preserved me through so many dangers.

#### A DAY WITH THE DOUANE.

THERE are some monsters which take a deal of killing. Some have a Protean power of change, and baffle you by putting on some new form every time you lay hold of them; others are like the Nemean Hydra, and for every head you cut off, up spring two in its place; but of all the monsters 'hated of gods and men,' for invulnerability and tenacity of life, commend us to the French custom-house.

If cats have nine lives, the douane must have ninety. It has been exposed, abused, shewn up in every broadsheet; proved to be worthless, unsound, and dishonest; an enemy to commerce and civilisation, a source of bitterness and strife, a delusion and a snare; and yet it still survives, and continues its audacious course of speculation and tyranny. So here's for another round with you, you despotic, arbitrary old humbug! Quake in your shoes, *vieux acclérat*! Yes, we owe you a grudge, you sneaking, tyrannical old bully! You call yourself the majesty of the law? Oh! the dirty tricks

we've seen you guilty of! Perhaps you don't remember us. You don't remember robbing a little school-boy of his cake and half-a-dozen oranges, which his poor mamma had put in his box when she sent him across the Channel to the tender mercies of the college of S. Canaan? We should like to know what became of that cake and those oranges. No; our turn was not come yet; we were not up to the free-masonry of the customs, and had neglected to purchase from the waiting-woman the cards representing the first numbers, which she had carefully kept in her pocket, while the rest were laid out for the unsuspecting to choose from.

We were first, or nearly so, in the custom-house, but no numeral below a nine could we see upon the cards; and we suspected, as we afterwards found out, that Madame Marie had the rest in her pocket; yes, she was taking care of number one and the rest of them, and sold them to those in the secret; and so it came to pass that while others walked one by one into the enclosed space behind the grille, we were left for some two hours the amused and interested spectators of the miseries of others.

We had had a tolerably fine passage on one occasion from Casarea (not Philippi), and had succeeded in bringing over our little family with all needful 'impediments,' of household gods and household furniture, intending to pass the summer in what is mythically called *La Belle France*. We had undergone the preliminary 'gentling' on board the steamer, and had put up with having our passport snatched rudely out of our hands with a calm and equable spirit; but eventually our feelings 'were one too many' for us. It was aggravating to see ladies' trunks opened before all the other passengers, their knickknacks, and ornaments, and dressing-cases, rudely handled; and all the hidden mysteries of female adorning exposed to the gaze of the profane vulgar. What right had that bullet-headed Jack-in-office to expose to view those new ball-dresses, and to joke upon the width of the skirts, and compare the slender waist with his own beef-eater's figure? And then to see all the sacred confidences of a lady's toilette violated—rough, dirty hands thrust into hidden recesses; garments, not to be spoken of even by Benedicts, dragged before the unblushing officials, the whole tossed recklessly back again into the box, which seemed a world too small to hold them all; and the unfortunate owner told to cord it up and be gone! Imagine the position of a lady, with all her pet garments and knickknacks thus tossed higgledy-piggledy in the presence of some twenty fellow-passengers and a dozen grinning *douaniers*! A capital joke, wasn't it, *Monsieur le Chef*?

Our attention was next called to the treatment which a respectable-looking English servant was undergoing at the hands of two female searchers, who insisted that she had something contraband concealed on her person. The article in question turned out to be an extra flannel petticoat, which was forthwith lugged off, and brought into the public-room for examination; and being found to contain more material than the *douanier's* wife generally wore, and being, moreover, new and unwashed, was forthwith confiscated to the use of the French government in general, and the aforesaid *douanier's* wife in particular. Several ladies' skirts were similarly confiscated, as being unworn and brought in with a fraudulent intention; and one brave British female battled long and bravely for the retention of a travelling plaid-shawl, which, if not old, was certainly not new, and was most unfairly classed amongst the prohibited articles.

But the fiercest battle took place between an elderly spinster, with an array of artificial curls, and a bullet-headed corpulent *douanier*, for the possession of a Britannia-metal tea-pot. The old lady had evidently a strong partiality for 'the cup that cheers,' and being aware of the non-drawing qualities of French porcelain,



had provided herself with a tea-pot of home manufacture, and tried to pass it in her muff. She held fast to the handle, while the douanier held not less fast to the spout. She foamed at the mouth, and sputtered out volleys of bad French; while the douanier spat and swore, and raged in bad English. 'Laissez moi mon pot-de-thé!' said the spinster. 'What for you try to smuggle him?' retorted the officer; and so the battle went on, till the handle came off, and the douanier carried away the tea-pot in triumph; while the old lady, with scarcely less exultation, retained possession of the handle.

By the time our turn had arrived, the chef was anxious to get the business over in as little time as possible, and was content to take our word for the contents of most of our boxes, and the value of the articles liable to duty. But at the mention of the word 'books,' all his ire returned. 'Books,' always books with the English! What need can they have for books? It was but a week ago that a monsieur was caught in the act of smuggling a box of revolutionary works, even the books of that *acclébré* Victor Hugo, into imperial France. No! every book must go to the prefecture to be examined.'

We had no objection to this; and only hoped that as most of them were religious works, with a sprinkling of Hebrew and Greek, the *prefet* would derive benefit and instruction from their perusal. 'What next?' demanded the chef. 'A little plate,' we replied modestly, 'but most of it in electro-plate.' 'It must all be examined and valued.' So out it came. 'Yes, it is all silver,' said the douanier, 'and must be paid for by the ounce.' In vain we protested that most of it was plated. 'It must go to the silversmith's to be tested.' So scatching up a fork and spoon at random, he sent them off by an officer, who presently came back bearing the articles in question, each with a large stain burned through the silver-plating. 'Plated,' was the decision of the silversmith. 'Then they are all plated,' said the chef, and his word was law; and as we had nothing to pay, we were only too glad to acquiesce in his judgment. In the meantime, two gendarmes had got hold of our child's perambulator, and were taking it out to a select party on the quay. 'Look here,' quoth the portly limb of the law; 'this is a velocipede; this is the way to work it,' and suiting the action to the word, he seated himself astride on the poor little carriage, which bent and cracked under his weight, and worked himself along by his podgy legs, to the intense satisfaction of every one but ourselves. This performance being over, the unfortunate carriage was brought in to be valued. Some little doubt seemed to arise how to class it; but at last the sapient chef found its place in the category of carriages with springs. 'Look here,' said he; 'carriages with springs, on two wheels, fifteen per cent.; on four wheels, thirty per cent. *ad valorem*.' Yes; but we begged to observe that our carriage had three wheels; and demanded that it should be classed accordingly. In vain he ransacked his lists of articles prohibited and admissible: no existing provision could he find to meet the case of a three-wheeled carriage with springs, and so our perambulator passed through the ordeal triumphantly, except that one of the springs was hopelessly injured by the weight of the fat gendarme.

But he had not done with us yet. There were some culinary articles to be inspected, and their novel shape and purpose again aroused his suspicions. 'Name of names!' said he, 'what is this?' drawing forth a bottle-jack from the depths of a hamper.

'A roasting-machine,' we explained.

'Not at all. I believe it to be a kind of infernal machine,' said the chef: 'it closely resembles those of Orsini.'

Seeing he was so determined on its being an infernal machine, we could not help favouring the idea; and hanging it up to a nail, and placing a weight on

the hook, we wound it up, and called out: 'Now look out, and you will see how it acts.'

As it began to revolve, they stared in wonder, and, at the first click, there was a general movement, and an evident desire among the officials to stand clear in case of an explosion; but the chef cut the matter short by commanding the instant seizure and confiscation of the machine, and it was forthwith carried by the boldest of the gendarmes, holding it at arms-length, into a place of safety.

Matters were beginning to look serious, especially as among our papers was found an advertisement of a travelling-dentist, with cuts of various instruments for filing and scaling the teeth, which Minos took it into his sapient noddle were nothing more or less than designs for revolutionary pikes and other lethal weapons; and we began to have serious doubts whether we should have all our goods and chattels confiscated, and pass the night in *durance vile*, when, to our great relief, the chief inquisitor discovered, among our effects, an official uniform, which at once convinced him that we had none but peaceable designs with regard to his sovereign lord the emperor.

A simultaneous find of several pipes shewed also that we were smokers, and likely to contribute something to the indirect taxation of the country; so, with many bows and grimaces, and something as near an apology as his dignity would allow him to make, we were permitted to pass all our goods with a nominal payment for the 'contributable' articles.

Nevertheless, we had scored several points to Mr Chef for his overbearing and capricious conduct, and we are happy to say we paid him, if not in full, at anyrate a handsome dividend.

The first instalment was on this wise. Seeing how the little packets of tea and cigars had been greedily seized on our first visit, the next time we travelled that way we prepared a tempting bait for Mr Jack-in-office. Ho, ho! Mr Chef, we hope you relished that half-pound of 'English tea' which you took away from us on our next trip. Would it not have added to the flavour to have known that it was part of a parcel of dried tea-leaves which was found in an old stocking in the straw of our French cook's bed, such being her ingenious and economical way of restoring the flavour and fragrance of the used-up contents of our tea-pot to their pristine state? Was the flavour rich and aromatic? Was there plenty of *force* and *delicatesse* in that cheering cup? Did the tohea or the bohea predominate in that *tohu* and *boku*? We pause for a reply. And those fine cigars of *tabac étranger*, first quality, all the way from the Havannahs, for which we pleaded so earnestly, did they smoke well? Was ignorance bliss? Or would it have enhanced your enjoyment of those English cigars, if you had known that they were penny Pickwicks, imported direct from Houndsditch, and warranted made of decomposed cabbage-leaves, soaked in a mixture which shall be nameless? And that pot of *confiture*, which we persuaded you to taste, as being excellent 'guava jelly,' did you like it, Monsieur Chef? Was it very good?—very fine to the taste? Or did you spit and splutter, and run out to rinse your mouth with brandy? Would it not have improved the flavour, if we had told you that it was not guava jelly at all, but a month's supply of lenitive electuary, which we were charged to bring over for an afflicted friend at St. Canaan? These delicate attentions we trust you will accept with our distinguished salutations; and we faithfully promise to pay off the remainder of our score on the first opportunity.

Such is our narrative of one day's experience at a French custom-house, and we doubt not that many of our readers could add their testimony to the general style of treatment which they have met with under similar circumstances. We could a tale unfold of ladies forcibly stripped for the discovery of lace supposed to be concealed about their persons,

and of a hundred other instances of the caprice, tyranny, and ignorance displayed by the officials; but we leave it to other and abler advocates to take up our theme, and attack the infamous system which has excited our wrath and embittered our recollections of foreign travel.

### THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A LODGING WITH A LIONESS.

As the full colonel of a regiment takes his ease and his annual stipend, leaving the conduct of affairs in the hands of his lieutenant-colonel; or as the head of a firm holds himself aloof from the working-members, and lets his junior partners perform the duties of the concern, while he himself leans rather towards the privileges; so did the first Butcher of the establishment of Tredgold late Trimming, depute most of the cares of his office to his newly-appointed assistant.

One especial duty, however, did Mr Bairman reserve to himself—namely, that of putting his four-footed victims to death with his own hands. Many men have a passion for slaughter by means of rifles and fowling-pieces, but Mr Bairman was enamoured of the pole-axe. As long as he had health and strength to wield that weapon, observed he, in something of a devotional and submissive tone, he would continue to do so, as he had done for thirty years or so: if ever he should find himself unequal to the task of finishing off any animal doomed for sacrifice, he was ready, from that moment, to put aside his sacrificial garment (blue) and the sacred axe; but in the meantime, he would exercise his gift so long as it was intrusted to him. It was a strange and not very pleasing fancy, but Mr Bairman was himself a strange and by no means very pleasing man. His face was as deadly white as that of the most aristocratic daughter of Fashion, so that it seemed as though he had spilled something of his own vital fluid with every act of bloodshed, while a cataract of sandy-coloured beard depended from it, whereon he was wont to wipe his gory hands—a habit which, even under less unpleasant circumstances, would be certainly reprobated in the best circles. Mr Bairman was not of that social disposition which generally characterised the company whereto he had the honour to belong; but if it had been otherwise, he would have had little opportunity for the display of geniality; they shrank from his society and conversation in rather a remarkable manner, considering that their own callings were, for the most part, the reverse of delicate, and demanded some strength of nerves. This gentleman was good enough to afford what he designated as a splendid spectacle to Dick upon the very first morning of his apprenticeship, in the slaying of an aged and decrepit horse. The fact of the poor animal's being blind did away with that necessity for fineness of treatment, upon which the artist particularly prided himself; but, even as it was, the spectator was so perfectly satisfied, that nothing could ever induce him to behold a repetition of such a performance. He would work with the barrow and the fork in the distribution of food to the wild animals, as in duty bound, but he would be witness to no more butcheries. Mr Bairman was hugely tickled by this determination of his young ally, which he declared to have been his own when he first took to the business, and assured him that within a week or so he would come to feel quite differently. In the meantime, however, Dick's breakfast was utterly spoiled, and the arduous work which he had regarded his new mode of life a good deal damped.

'Never you mind *him*,' remarked Tickeroandua, to whose ear the youth confided his sentiments respecting his immediate chief; 'he's a fine fellow in the shambles among tottering animals—a deuce of a fellow, as the saying is, among eggs with a stick—but put

him in front of a little bit of a cat like the puma, and I believe, if he had a whole sheaf of pole-axes, he would not dare to strike a blow to save his life. Why, when I wanted to give Regulus his castor-oil the other day, poor fellow—that's the African lion, you know—and asked Bairman to lend me a hand, he made as much of it as though I had been going to administer *him*. The way is, you know, we tie his two fore-paws together, and bring him to the front of the cage; and then we get his mouth open, and put the oil down as easy as though he were a baby; yet, if you believe me, that fellow trembled so that he spilt half the bottle. He don't love me, I know, because I called him a funkier; not as I think it any blame to one as hasn't pluck to be unable to shew it, only then he shouldn't go bragging about what he can do, and laughing at other people who ain't so fond of blood-letting. Nothing would give old Bairman greater pleasure than to see me eaten up alive, I know. Now, Mr Tredgold is quite as much afraid of the beasts as he is; but then he's as tender-hearted as a chicken about others, too.'

Thus discoursed Tickeroandua, perched beside our hero on the lofty seat of the lion's caravan, and driving four horses in hand, which it was his pleasure rather than his duty to do; for the Hunter was especially excused from all the fatigues and duties of travel to which the rest of the company, without exception, were liable. Every other person was expected to make himself useful on the march, whether in running beside the leaders of the team of eight cream-coloured horses, that drew their band triumphantly through the towns, or in stopping the wheels of the giraffe-wagon as it toiled laboriously up the hills. There was no occasion to perform this office to the elephant's chariot, inasmuch as, like the Irish gentleman in the sedan-chair with the bottom out, that noble animal might, but for the look of the thing, have dispensed with his vehicle altogether; since, while seeming to be drawn, he really drew, as the more sagacious observers would sometimes discover, by catching sight of his feet underneath among the wheels.

The procession commonly started on its journeys very early, as soon as those creatures were fed whose turn it was to feed upon the morning in question, and travelled very slowly. When they reached their destination, there was the show to be made ready—a work of several hours—so as to be opened to the public, if possible, on that same evening; and then there were divers wants of the beasts to be attended to before bed could be thought of for themselves. Dick led no very easy life of it in Tredgold's late Trimming's establishment, it is certain; and if he had exchanged the China-trade for Lion-feeding, with the expectation of finding greater ease and leisure, he had made a mistake. Sunday was a day of rest to him which he had never before known how to properly appreciate, and we may be sure that he would not have spent one now, by way of holiday, in the Zoological Gardens. Nevertheless, except for the unpleasant character of his particular occupation, the young man was not dissatisfied with his mode of life, nor did he contemplate leaving it unless Mr Bairman's sinews should fail him, and the office of slaughterer devolve upon his own unambitious hands. Dick was a favourite among the whole company, except with the first Butcher, who was not in the habit of making favourites of anybody: even Mrs Tredgold gradually forgot that he had been once the *protégé* of so despicable a young person as Lucidora, and on one occasion of indisposition, even made him a motherly present of a couple of family-pills. Mr Tredgold was highly satisfied with him, and would consult him upon what was good for this or that of the larger animals, if Tickeroandua did not chance to be at hand. From the Beast-tamer, indeed, Dick soon learned all that that gentleman had to teach, as well as experiencing



many practical kindnesses at his hands; among which was this, that the whole expense and trouble of procuring lodging was saved to him by being permitted to take up his permanent quarters in the Lion Hunter's house on wheels.

On a certain dreadful winter night, when the entire establishment was snowed up on a Yorkshire moor, and both domestic caravans were hospitably shared with the whole shivering company, Tickero-candua announced his intention of giving more room to others by making his own couch in the apartment of one of the lionesses, who had lately presented the proprietary with a couple of cubs. 'You may come too, if you like, Arbour,' said he, half in jest and half in earnest; and Dick answered on the instant, 'I will'—although he felt some undeniable qualms of terror as soon as the words had escaped his lips.

'You take your loaded whip, Robinson, I see, notwithstanding that you have not the slightest fear!' sneered Mr Bairman.

'Yes,' returned the Lion-tamer angrily, 'but it is because I am answerable for the life of the lad.'

'Ah, to be sure,' returned the other, 'the young man has not your determination of character; that is true.'

'I beg of you, my good friend,' observed Dick blushing, 'that you will use no extra precaution on my account; I shall feel quite safe with you, without your whip.'

There was a murmur of approbation among the company as Tickero-candua put the weapon aside, with, 'That's my brave boy, Dick; you would not dare to come, Butcher, though I took twenty whips!'

This statement being quite incontrovertible, Mr Bairman gave only a ghastly grin by way of reply, and the Beast-tamer, turning his back upon him contemptuously, bade Dick put on his great-coat and bring a railway-rug. 'The old lady herself will keep me warm enough,' said he; 'but you must lie in the far-corner, as she may not take kindly to a stranger. You may talk in her company as much as you like, but you must not sneeze, or make any unusual sound, for her ears are easily offended.'

The establishment of Tredgold late Trimming, as the two friends beheld it on that wintry midnight, presented a singular spectacle. A long line of vehicles, as huge as were ever seen—built for the accommodation of beast—since the Ark itself, cast their gigantic shadows upon the waste of snow; motionless under the cold clear moon they stood, like some embodiment of weird romance, disproportioned, unnatural, and such as might be begotten in the dreaming brain through reading Mr Edgar Poe's works, and after partaking of pork-chops for supper. The poor horses, released from the shafts as soon as locomotion became impossible, and huddled together in a circle that had with difficulty been cleared from snow for their accommodation, resembled some troop of phantom steeds in a spectral circus. The wintry blast that swept the moor was laden with sounds such as it had probably never borne before—the muffled outcries of wild beasts from every quarter of the globe, astonished at the novelty of their situation, and wondering why the show was not set up as usual, and the public eye rivetted upon them with its customary admiration. This melancholy scene would doubtless have had a greater effect upon Dick, just issued from the warm and crowded caravan, had not his mind been so engrossed by the gravity of the coming adventure. He heartily repented of that foolhardiness which had prompted him to accompany his friend in taking up such dangerous quarters, although the fear of Man was so far stronger than that of Beast, that he dared not now for shame shrink back from the undertaking.

'There is really not the slightest danger,' remarked Tickero-candua, reading perhaps his thoughts, 'if only you are pretty still. Only, in case of accident, be guided entirely by what I shall tell you.'

With these words the Beast-tamer undid one of the wooden shutters that was fastened immediately over the cage-door of the lioness, and without a moment of hesitation ascended by a little portable ladder into the den. Dick's heart beat loud and quick as he followed his leader, and almost leaped into his mouth as the animal gave a tremendous growl upon his unexpected appearance.

'Never mind her growling,' remarked Tickero-candua coolly: 'when the creatures growl, it's safe enough; but when they walk round and round you, friendly-like, and shew their teeth without any noise, it is better to be upon the safe side of the bars. The tiger, indeed, will fawn upon you the very moment before he bites your head off. Poor old gal!' continued he, approaching the majestic female, and patting her on the head, 'your cubs are in perfect safety, I assure you; they are being kept warm by your master's fire, while Mr Tredgold, who will on no account keep company with them, is banished into the bedroom. There is a young gentleman come to see you, but he isn't good to eat, so you need not stretch your mouth so wide in that direction. Make yourself comfortable yonder, Dick; I shall lay my head here, upon my lady's hind-quarters, so that if she gets up, I shall be the first to know it.'

Whether Dick succeeded in making himself quite comfortable, is more than doubtful; but he rolled himself up submissively enough, and was silent. 'I will try,' said he to himself, 'not to think of that confounded lioness, with all my might;' but he was quite unable to keep her might out of his thoughts for all that. He felt a wondering whether she would eat the railway-rug first, and him afterwards, or swallow the whole bundle as the elephant did his oranges, without troubling himself to take off the peel; and entertained a number of other ridiculous suppositions, which, however, were not the least less fearful in that they were absurd. At last, not being able to bear longer this lying awake with eyes and ears at stretch in silence and in darkness (for the shutter had been pulled to as soon as they were withinside), he suddenly demanded of Tickero-candua whether they were likely to have more snow on the morrow or not?

The Beast-tamer burst into a little roar at this, and the lioness into a great one; so that it was sometime before Dick could get an answer to his important question.

'I do not know, I am sure, my lad; but I know this, that you were not thinking very much of the weather when you asked about it.'

'No,' replied Dick frankly, 'I was thinking of that infernal animal; I can't get to sleep, and I shall go crazy unless you talk to me.'

'Poor lad!' exclaimed Tickero-candua pityingly, 'it was wrong of me to place you in such a situation; I will get up and let you out.'

'No,' replied Dick firmly, 'I will stay here whatever comes of it, and no matter how much I fear.'

'Bravo!' returned the Beast-tamer; 'that is to have far greater courage than not to fear at all. The old lady here, however, will never hurt us; although I own that now, when she has just had her cubs taken from her, I would not like to have her flying over me, as the others do, half-a-dozen times a day.'

'How is it, by the by, that your face is often bleeding when you come out from that?' asked Dick.

'They all snap at me as they leave my shoulder,' returned Tickero-candua; 'and sometimes a tooth will graze the flesh for all that I can do. That's nothing compared with the labour of shifting them away, so that they should not rest upon me more than momentarily; if they leaped off less slowly, I should sink under their weight, even though their claws did not do for me.'

'But does not the sight or taste of your blood make them dangerous?' demanded Dick. 'I have always

understood that that would set even the best tamed of wild animals beyond control.'

'That is not so with *human* blood,' replied Tickerocandua; 'because, with the exception of the Bengal tiger yonder, our friends do not know how good it is; but if you came in from the slaughter-house. . . But what is that moving about outside the caravan? The old lady is getting uneasy. Great Heaven!' ejaculated the Beast-tamer as the shutter was suddenly thrown back by an unseen hand, and a stick drawn rapidly across the bars of the cage-door, 'somebody wishes to murder us!'

A stifled roar burst forth from the lioness, making the lad's blood run cold, and the hair to rise upon his head, as if under the influence of the electric wheel. He felt that roar to be his death-knell; a prayer passed through his mind, which he had neither time nor power to utter; and before his eyes a glimpse of that dead mother's face, which he was perhaps about to see again, and for ever; and then the voice of Tickerocandua smote upon his ear, awaking him once more to life and action. It was not the Beast-tamer's ordinary tone, but the suppressed utterance of one engaged in some tremendous physical struggle who has no breath to lose. 'Rush to the door; undo the bolt, lad; that is the only way that our lives can now be saved!'

Dick had his fingers on the fastening before Tickerocandua had finished his sentence; as the iron bars swung swiftly back, there was a hurdling noise in the air behind him; and as he leaped a flying body came with tremendous force upon his back, and rolled with him over and over, out of the cage.

This was Tickerocandua, who had been sitting upon the head of the lioness until ejected from the position in that undignified manner. Dick and he would not have been safe yet, but that the enraged animal, in her furious spring after them, had well-nigh stunned herself by coming in contact with the iron-sheathed wall of the cage. Before she could perceive that the path of liberty lay open to her, the Beast-tamer had leaped up and closed it, whereupon the creature set up such a roar of baffled rage as brought half the company out of their sleeping-places, despite the bitterness of the night.

'Thank Heaven, you are safe!' cried they, when they beheld the two friends standing on the right side of the bars; 'we feared that Dido had devoured you. What on earth have you done to enrage her?'

Tickerocandua, whose colour had entirely left his cheeks, answered not a word. 'Fetch my whip, Dick—do not lose one moment!' cried he.

'You surely are not going to venture,' began the lad; but the expression of the Beast-tamer's countenance became so terrible, that he interrupted himself in the middle of his expostulation, and ran for the weapon without another word.

The lioness, with open mouth, was thrusting her forepaws through the bars, as though she would have torn his heart out, when Tickerocandua re-entered the cage, closing the gate behind him. She turned round with a short snarl, and sprang right at him, while the spectators shuddered at the horror which seemed inevitable; but the man lightly stepped aside, and bringing the butt-end of his weapon down upon her with no great force, as it seemed, the mighty beast, so instinct with strength and fury, lay in a moment motionless upon the floor of the den. He waited, with his foot upon her neck, till she recovered herself, when he beat her with the thong severely upon the back and legs; after which he stepped out of the cage with great deliberation, observing to Dick that he was sorry to have had to punish the old lady, but that if he had suffered her to imagine herself his conqueror, even for an hour, his life would have been sacrificed on the next occasion that he entered the den.

'There is one, however,' added the Beast-tamer,

suddenly seizing upon Mr Bairman, who had been looking on with a very chagrined expression of countenance, 'to whom both you and I, Dick, owe a debt which I have much pleasure in settling.' And with that, before any one could interpose, he had administered a dozen cuts of the whip across the face of the first Butcher, whereby that malignant disturber of the sleeping lioness and her lodgers was marked like the zebra of the desert for months to come.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A MAN OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

It was a singular proof of the tenacity with which the Human, however fallen, will still cling to the skirts of Respectability, that Mr Richard Arbour did not inform his friends, throughout this period, of the precise nature of his employment in Mr Tredgold's establishment. He was gaining an honest living by purveying their necessary aliment to God's creatures, and yet he was ashamed of it. If he had been butchering the same for his own pleasure, with the latest description of fowling-piece, he would have written of his occupation not without a glow of personal vanity; but as it was, he 'sank' the slaughter-house, and I am afraid rather led Miss Lucy Mickleham to understand that he was permanently engaged, under the indirect patronage of Royalty (and indeed V.R. always headed Mr Tredgold's posters) in certain scientific experiments in Natural History. Even Sister Maggie was cognizant of no more than that the outcast was bread-winning in some humble capacity connected with the animal world, and that being likely to better himself, he did not care to mention more particularly what his occupation was. Mr William Mickleham, while playfully announcing his belief that the Family Scapegrace was parading the south of England with a bear and a monkey, and would some day present himself at their gate to the sound of a tambourine or hand-organ, was quite unaware that in so saying he was in reality rather overestimating his young friend's social position. Nevertheless these three held many a council concerning the absent lad and his prospects; Lucy and Maggie, because they loved him; and William, because, as the scaffolding whereby an attachment (fast rising to the story of affection) had been built up between himself and Maggie, he owed him no little gratitude.

That Kensington cottage was indeed a holiday-house to the poor young lady, escaped for a while from the grim mansion in Golden Square, and the companionship of Adolphus and Maria, who, had they dared, would have treated her no better than Cinderella.

Uncle Ingram, however, did not lose his affection for her, and strove, as it seemed, to make amends for the future wrong that he contemplated by present indulgence. He took her into his confidence—which was, however, only a sort of mental counting-house, wherein he kept his business speculations—and threw open for her all the chambers of his heart; all, that is, save one—the Bluebeard Chamber, which it was forbidden for any to glance at, wherein he nursed his wrath and kept it warm against Nephew Dick. Perhaps the sense of justice, which was really strong within the old man, and could, now and then, even overcome a prejudice, reproached him with his hardness towards the boy—whom he always pictured to himself as a boy, impatient of control, and obstinate under punishment—and made the subject more hateful to him than it would else have been. At all events, Maria could change her uncle's mood of dotting fondness for her sister at any time, to one of anxiety and suspicion, by dropping a casual word which should remind him of the intimacy, still unbroken, between Maggie and Dick. Mr Ingram Arbour's memory was waning upon many points but not upon this. He forgot some matters which had formerly been at least as familiar to him as his prayers; his judgment upon matters of

business, in former days so uniformly clear and decisive, was now apt to vacillate; but he always remembered that there was one Dick Arbour who had turned out a disgrace to the family, and never wavered in his determination to separate it from him and him from it. The diligence and activity manifested by Adolphus in Darkendim Street, and the good reports of Lawyer Johnnie's assiduity in the country, contrasted strongly with the misconduct of their younger brother: he of course looked all the blacker by contrast; and it is possible that these whitened sepulchres, on their parts, received an additional coat of purity by the comparison. It may have been the absence of that foil, perhaps, which prevented Adolphus from appearing so excellent a man of business in the eyes of Mr Mickleham as in those of his uncle. To the sagacious managing-clerk, it was evident that the steady but successful course pursued by the 'Head of the Firm for so many years was little relished by the junior-partner; and that though cautious and prudent enough by nature, the young man beheld with impatience the many chances of great gains which spring up in the path of every important commercial house, rejected for the comparatively insignificant profits of mere legitimate trading. This was especially apparent since the return of Mr Adolphus Arbour from a late business expedition to Paris, where he had picked up and brought back with him certain brittle opinions concerning the extension of the china trade, as well as a personal friend in one Mr Frederic Charlecot, who abetted him in the same.

This gentleman, who had laid him under some chance obligations at a café, by becoming his successful interpreter in a squabble with the waiter respecting his bill, was not himself a man of business. On that first occasion of their acquaintance, and while sipping the Johannisburg, which he had politely invited Adolphus to share with him, he had confessed, with regret, that his means having always been sufficient for his moderate wants, he had never embarked in any of those streams of enterprise which were the boast and life-blood of their common country. 'They interest me, they have a charm and an attraction for my intellect, such as it is,' observed he, 'but I have never been practically concerned with them. I have made other men's fortunes more than once, by suggesting this and that line of conduct, which recommended itself to my theoretic commercial judgment; it was doubtless assisted by that combination of chances which enters more or less into every speculation, but my friends were as grateful as though I had been their guardian angel throughout. I have felt, however, little ambition to incur the trouble and necessity of making money for myself. I am an idle dog, you see. I smoke—and if you care for cigars, I think you will like this Cabana as well as any you will meet with in Paris. I drink, although never to excess, for that would interfere with my intellectual pleasures, as well as disorganise my digestion; and I make friendships where I find any sensible long-headed fellow, like yourself, who is also a gentleman. My family is what would, I believe, be considered 'good,' even by the most exclusive; but through a too long residence in the everlasting atmosphere of Parisian saloons, they have become un-English, and too frivolous even for me. We often quarrel—my family and myself—concerning our Nation of Shopkeepers. They accuse me of being a democrat and a *sans culotte*, because I affirm that a merchant-prince is as good as a prince who is not a merchant. They would consider you, sir, if, as your name suggests, you are a connection of the great house of Arbour—in the light of a—upon my soul they would—of a mere tradesman!'

Mr Adolphus Arbour visibly blushed, though he replied with no little testiness: 'And why not, sir? Why in the world not, sir, I would like to know?'

'Exactly,' rejoined the exquisite, lighting a fresh

Cabana; 'you have hit the very gist of the whole question. Why *not*, you should like to know? You don't deny it. Why *should* you? You are proud of it. You ask if my family are any better for not having their hands sullied—their very expression only the other day—their hands sullied by trade for the last three hundred years; and I answer you, upon the honour of a Charlecot, that they are *not* the better. All that I demand is, that commerce and good-manners should go hand in hand. I should not, I confess (so deep are the prejudices of birth), I should not have been thus intimate with you, Mr Arbour, had I not perceived that your commercial prosperity had been secured without the loss of an elegant refinement—if, in a word, you had fallen short of the perfect and polished gentleman.'

The insolent condescension of this address would have been redeemed to some persons by the simplicity and evident absence of a wish to offend, with which it was uttered; it was mitigated in the eyes of Adolphus Arbour, by the air and tone of the speaker, instinct with that easy assurance which only belongs to those who are set above the necessity of ingratiating themselves with their fellow-creatures, and by the fashionable, and even splendid attire in which the descendant of the Charlecots was clothed. Lounging in this or that unstudied, but never ungraceful attitude, the stranger looked indeed like one who sits above the thunder of this work-a-day world, and who only mixes with it from motives of curiosity or amusement. Mr Charlecot's expressed admiration of men of his companion's class was reciprocated by his new acquaintance, who, like many of his own order, revered none so much as those who themselves have neither need nor wish to work. A second bottle of Johannisburg was disposed of during a conversation in which his new friend astonished him beyond measure with his acquaintance with the details of the china trade, surpassing even as a matter of special knowledge, but perfectly wonderful, since forming only a branch of that information which Mr Frederic Charlecot professed to possess concerning all the various channels of British industry.

'You, Mr Arbour, have one of those practical minds, that I respect and admire above everything, and which are worth all the learning and knowledge in the world. I have unhappily done nothing—had nothing to do—save to read and think; to dream perhaps of undertakings promising enough indeed, but to which I was in no position to give effect; to tease myself with far-off visions of splendid successes, whose reality will be one day grasped by a less idle hand.' At these words, delivered very differently from his ordinary unenthusiastic and indolent tone, Mr Charlecot extended visibly a set of ladylike fingers glittering with gold and gems. 'You are laughing at me, Arbour; you think me a fool, I know—you practical men are such sceptics—but, upon my honour, I have such a bent for commerce, that I sometimes think there must be a bar-sinister somewhere interposing itself between me and the Charlecots. Here, waiter, is the money, and half a franc for your own pocket, but not a centime more. Any other member of my family would have given the man a whole one, but one of my peculiarities, is the most rigorous economy in matters of social expenditure. I enjoy myself, but do not pay a farthing more than it is necessary for a gentleman to do: while in my accounts with my tradesmen, I am even still more exact and particular. Man of pleasure that I unfortunately am, I am in my small way a man of business also. Our road, I see, lies together, sir, although not for very far, I fear.'

Mr Charlecot paused opposite an imposing mansion which has the credit of being the most splendidly appointed, as also the most expensive, in all Paris. 'We lodge here,' said he. 'Is it possible that it fortunately happens that you are staying at the



Hotel Gilbert also? Madame and I have rooms above the *entresol*."

"Yes," replied Adolphus hesitatingly, "I do lodge here; but I am only come for a few days, you see. My room is a great deal higher up. Indeed, I thought the price of the first floors enormous."

"Now, I like that," replied Mr Charlecot admiringly; "I do like that. You merchant-princes, who roll in wealth, are so eccentric about your expenditure. The Berlin Rothschild assured me himself, that he never put his foot in a cab except at a friend's expense. What is twenty guineas a week to a man who turns a million?"

"My dear sir," interrupted Adolphus with a gratified blush, "we do nothing of that kind, I do assure you. We have, it is true, the use of a few thousands' . . . .

Mr Frederic Charlecot leaned up against one of the marble pillars of the entrance-hall, and indulged in what, for a person of his distinguished quality, was uproarious mirth. "Now, I do like that now—that notion of a few thousands in connection with Arbour and Nephew! To underrate the gigantic character of your undertakings is so characteristic. The use of a few thousands! that is capital. I shall remember that for Tuffner—you know Tuffner, the Stock Exchange millionaire, of course you do!—that, and your room at the top of the house, are both excellent."

"But you know," replied Adolphus, who had begun to be not a little ashamed of being thought parsimonious, although a few hours previously he had been reproaching himself with living at the Hotel Gilbert at all, and wondering what the Head of the Firm would say to the bill—"but you know I am a bachelor; I am not a married man like you."

"A married man!" replied Mr Charlecot in an offended tone; "why, what on earth led you to suppose that I was a married man? Now, really, my dear Arbour, you have no sort of right to be so hard upon a fellow. I am not so young as I have been, I know; not so lively, brilliant, rattling a Don Juan as yourself; but, O ladies of Paris, I appeal with confidence to you against this accusation! Do I, do I look like a married man? a *Paterfamilias*? Heavens! an elderly person who pays ready-money for flannel and children's shoes."

"I beg your pardon," replied Adolphus clumsily; "only I thought you said something about Madame."

Again Mr Charlecot laughed, but this time like the tinkling of any silver bell. "Good again, Arbour; upon my life, you are very good. That pretence of respectability is perfect, and so characteristic. For my part, when in France I do as the French do, and in Paris, you know, one marries without benefit of clergy. Does Madame receive?" asked the speaker of a female domestic on her way to the first floor.

"She does, sir; I go for chocolate," returned the servant.

"For three, then," replied Mr Charlecot. "You will take a cup with us, Arbour, in a friendly way, and have a chat with Madame?"

The apartment in which Mr Adolphus Arbour found himself the next moment, was by far the most splendid in which he had ever set foot; French magnificence had outdone itself in the profusion of gilding, the immensity of the mirrors, and the gorgeous elegance of the draperies. The most beautiful flowers sent forth their fragrant perfumes from cornucopias of crystal and silver, while from without, the summer air came softly over banks of flowers in the balcony. In the centre of the shaded room was a fountain of alabaster, which diffused along with its pleasant music a sense of coolness inexpressibly refreshing to eyes just released from the heat and glare of a Parisian pavement. A piano stood in one corner of the saloon, with an open music-book spread out before it, while volumes of engravings, splendidly bound, lay on the tables along with the most recent

of those French and English newspapers which principally record the transactions of commerce.

A desk stood near the window with drawing-materials, and a half-finished sketch upon it, and a moderate-sized circulating library lay strewn, half on the ottoman half on the floor, as though some literary epicure had been recently satiating himself, or herself, upon the tidbits of fiction to repletion. The whole aspect of the room proclaimed a matter-of-course and everyday luxury, which is unusual indeed in hotel drawing-rooms inhabited by English persons, except they be of very considerable wealth and position. Even our richer fellow-countrymen can rarely bring themselves to look upon hotels as their temporary houses, and are commonly, while resident within them, content to debar themselves from many of their ordinary comforts, from a perhaps somewhat fanciful notion of economy. If Uncle Ingram, for instance, had been so imprudent as to have taken up his quarters at the Hotel Gilbert—which his nephew did more for the sake of giving it as his address, and of consorting with fashionable company in its coffee-room, than because it suited with his habits—he would have certainly dispensed with his ordinary luncheons, or have gone out in the broiling sun for a biscuit, rather than have summoned one of its magnificent waiters and taken his mid-day meal off silver and damask. Mr Adolphus Arbour had an intellect keenly alive to these differences of social expenditure, and the air of his new friend's gorgeous dwelling-place filled his British soul with a reverent and sublime respect. If Mr Charlecot's victory over him seems to have been somewhat rapidly attained, it must be remembered that his movements were masterly and his masses—considering the weak nature of the opponent he had to deal with—overwhelming. He also began the contest on advantageous ground, and with the sun at his back. The being able, when among foreigners, to speak fluently in their tongue, which your compatriot cannot use, is to possess a superiority over him, quite inconceivable to one whose sober wishes have never led him to stray beyond his native land. The insolence so complained of in the manner of Englishmen abroad is, we believe, mainly attributable to their almost universal ignorance of any other language than their own. They travel more than other nations do, and with far fewer polyglottic accomplishments. How can they, then, fail to look stolid, and sulky, and discontented, when they cannot even ask for beer or complain of its absence so as to be understood; when people with bayonets jabber at them civilities which sound to their ears like threats; and when the whole continent of Europe seems to be inhabited by an idle and perverse population, who will not take the trouble to acquire even the rudiments of the English tongue. Then in periods of misgiving and pecuniary disputation—when we do not even comprehend the value of the coins we are disputing about—how pleasant is it to hear one speaking our mother-tongue in the strange land, and proffering the courteous offer of standing between us and the native extortioner! Thus it was that the butterfly, Mr Frederic Charlecot, obtained his first hold of the money-spinner, Mr Adolphus Arbour; and having that hold, he was not the man to let go again.

Of all the attractive objects with which that drawing-room in the Hotel Gilbert gleamed, Madame was the crown. Mr Arbour's limited experience had led him to expect, in a lady of such a more than doubtful social position, a coarse, however comely exterior, and a manner familiar and unrefined. Madame, on the contrary, could scarcely be called beautiful; but her air and manner were elegant and distinguished in a very high degree. An aristocratic languor seemed to pervade her limbs, and give a pathos to her tones; while her conversation had that naturalness which only belongs to the very best society, and to people who are not in society at all.

The latest queen of London fashion is said to have been seen sucking a chicken-bone, at a semi-royal supper-party, without the medium of a fork—an undeniably advantageous method of eating it, but one which you, fair reader, who are doubtless fashionable also, would rather die than adopt. She was famous, however, for a certain *periffage* that occasionally culminated to coarseness. Madame, too, had a lively fancy, and was sometimes a little rude. She did not rise from her couch by the open window when the two gentlemen came in, but remained there with a book in her hand, sometimes reading it, and sometimes joining in the conversation.

'I am glad to see you, sir,' said she with a gracious smile, as Mr Arbour was introduced; 'I like to see an English face, and to hear the English tongue. Be so good as to eschew French while in my company.'

'I shall have the greatest pleasure in so doing,' returned Adolphus; 'the fact is, your—that is to say, I have even now been indebted to Mr Charlecot for getting me out of a difficulty caused by my indifferent knowledge of the language.'

'I daresay you speak it vily: all Englishmen do.' As if to shew, at the same time, that this was not the case with Englishwomen, she rapidly uttered a few French words to Mr Charlecot in what seemed to Mr Arbour's ears the purest Parisian accent—but, then, he was not a very good judge.

'Madame acquaints me that there is a letter of importance awaiting me; be so kind, Mr Arbour, as to excuse me a moment while I look at it. I make no scruple, you see, of sacrificing the demands of hospitality itself to those of business.'

An open door at the end of the apartment disclosed a smaller room with a dining-table; a massive escritoire, contrasting by its plainness with the neighbouring splendours of a sumptuously appointed sideboard, stood in a corner, covered with papers, and before these Mr Charlecot sat himself down.

Madame conducted a languid conversation with the visitor, returning the homage of his eyes with looks of courteous forbearance, as though she would say: 'You are dull, sir; but observe, I do not yawn.' But when his gaze wandered elsewhere, regarding him with an intensity of expression that by no means conveyed good-wishes.

'You dine at the Tuilleries, I suppose,' said she; 'everybody does dine there.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour was obliged to confess that, if that were indeed the case, he was but a nobody.

'Well, then, at the Embassy, at all events; it is there you have met Mr Charlecot, I suppose.'

Mr Arbour replied that he had not met Mr Charlecot there, but in a tone whereby he wished to imply that that was singular too, considering the frequency of his own invitations to the house of her Majesty's representative in Paris.

'You must have seen De Crespigny often there—the man whom the government have taken up so strangely in order to appease the republicans. They say that there has been some sort of compromise effected, but that it will not last.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour had not had the happiness of meeting the Count de Crespigny, although he had often heard of him.

'That is singular, too: he spoke of you as if he knew you well. Did you not assist him once in some dangerous affair in London; but no, it must have been a younger man. Have you a brother Richard?'

Adolphus felt himself growing scarlet under the eyes that were now fixed steadily enough, although with apparent indifference, upon him.

'It is a mistake, Madame; we have no brother Richard.'

'Indeed! then I misunderstood the count,' returned the lady carelessly. 'Have you not finished, Frederic, with those horrid papers yet?—you are always at business.'

'I have finished, Madame,' returned Charlecot, coming forward; 'and the business has been a pleasure. Here is one of Tuffner's funny letters again. Whenever I put him up to a good thing, Mr Arbour—and he declares that my judgment is worth more than that of all the Bourse together—he always insists upon sending me what he calls "mental brokerage," payment for my raw material of advice. Here is his note for five thousand francs, you see; one per cent., I suppose, or so upon his gains on the whole transaction. A ridiculous bagatelle, of course, in the eyes of a man like you, but in my case very acceptable to defray any little extravagances. Do not take another cup of chocolate, but, if you have no better engagement, stay and sup with us in a friendly way. We have a *marchand dupé* for supper to-night, have we not, Madame?'

'I rather think we have,' replied the lady.

#### ALDERNEY.

In two consecutive numbers of a certain popular periodical, published, I believe, towards the end of 1855, there appeared two articles, headed, respectively, 'A Tight Little Island,' and 'A Very Tight Little Island'—the one being a description of Heligoland, and the other of Sark. It has since been a source of wonderment to me that their writer, whilst at the latter place, and apparently in search of some spot remarkable for its 'tightness,' should have omitted mention of Alderney, which it was my lot, for nearly two years, to inhabit.

Alderney, as most people know, is one of the four Channel Islands enumerated in the geographies as Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. It is situated about eight miles west of Cape La Hague, in France, and between fifty and sixty miles south of Weymouth, and is the most northerly of the insular group.

To spare my readers the error of imagining a beautiful little oasis, abounding in trees, green-sward, sweet hedges, and cream-coloured cows, I will commence at once by informing them that Alderney consists of a rock about three and a half miles long, by one and a half broad, at its broadest, and rising in some parts to a height of from 220 to 270 feet above the sea-level. This rock is almost destitute of trees, and contains only two rows of what in England would be called hedges.

The town of St Annes, which lies nearly in the middle and highest part of the island, contains two streets, Victoria Street and High Street, and several very dirty lanes. The former of the two streets obtained its name from the fact of Her Gracious Majesty having, on a visit to the place, stood at its foot, and looked up it as far as its curvature would permit; on the strength of which, the loyal islanders placed new pitching on the road, and a stone slab on the wall commemorating this act of their queen. It would have been a blessing to the town had her Majesty, on that occasion, made a royal progress through it, attended with like results to its roads. High Street is named from being on a hill, and by no means from the altitude of the houses composing it. These, with St Annes Square (a sort of trapezium that would puzzle Euclid), containing the mansions of the town-major, judge, and rector, with the addition of the before-mentioned lanes, constitute the capital of Alderney. Besides this, there are, along the north shore of the island, Craby, the watering-place; Bray, the old town; Newtown, the navy locality of the higher class; and Mauznez, that of the

lower. On the south and west sides, the rocks are precipitous, and the beach, where any exists, unapproachable. The ground slopes down from this to the north and east, where there are several small bays with sandy beaches.

Alderney is enclosed between two remarkable currents well known to the mariner—the 'Swinge,' running about north-east on the north side of the island; and the 'Race,' in a more northerly direction on the south of it, both of which currents meet at the east end of it, and run past Cape La Hague.

The language of the natives is far from pure, being a compound of Norman 'patois' with certain English provincial dialects, imported from time to time by the immigrants and navvies from our own shores.

The current coin is of a similar adulterate description; the gold and silver being represented by French napoleons and francs; while the paper and copper are issued by the states of Guernsey, in the shape of thick and dirty one-pound notes, and coins called eight doubles—equal to one penny English.

The government of the island was originally vested in a family of the name of Le Mesurier, and descended from father to son in regular rotation, until some few years back, when the son of the last governor resigned for a 'consideration' the patent which had so long dignified his family. Alderney is now included in the military district of Guernsey, the lieutenant-governor of which is represented by one of his staff, who is located in the ancestral hall of the ancient lords.

Alderney possesses a large, handsome, and well-built church (the gift of the son of the last governor); a school-room licensed for public worship; and the usual proportion of Roman Catholic and dissenting chapels. I may here remark a point worthy of note in the construction of St Annes, the capital. Being in no part more than three-quarters of a mile from the sea on either side, there is not a house in it that has any better look-out than the opposite side of the street, a dunghill, or a haystack; and any houses that are newly constructed, are carefully protected, in default of any ready-made obstacle of this nature, by a carefully-built and lofty wall, utterly precluding a glimpse of anything but its inside face.

Alderney has of late years been the object of much attention on the part of her Majesty's government. The Admiralty set to work to make a harbour of refuge, and the inspector-general of fortifications, in consequence, to build forts to protect its mouth when completed. As the former, during the last ten years, have approved of and adopted no less than eight different designs for this harbour, each of course proposing a new site for the entrance, the skill of the royal engineers has been somewhat severely tested in its protection, for as soon as one fort was planned, and perhaps constructed, the mouth of the harbour was found to be designed for a different spot. They have, however, executed their task by placing forts and batteries to command every possible spot which their Admiralty brethren could select for an entrance to the harbour, besides adding a few more in various parts of the island, in case an enemy might prefer attempting a landing on some other spot. Thus Alderney now presents the imposing appearance of five square miles of rock garnished by fifteen or sixteen forts, barracks, and batteries, and garrisoned by two batteries of artillery, a wing of an infantry regiment, and half a company of royal engineers.

The forts, with two or three exceptions, bear the ancient Norman names of the rocks or promontories on which they are placed: Clonque, Tourgie, Platte Saline, Doyle, Grosnez, &c. The patronymics of the natives are few—Robilliard, Le Cocq, Sandford, and Tourtel comprising nearly all the families, and

the magisterial bench of twenty containing, with scarce an exception, none but these names. Most of the aborigines are of independent means; their sires and grandsires probably never having lost sight of the main chance during the good old smuggling times, since the whole island would scarcely produce the incomes enjoyed by one or two old matrons at present residing in it.

Of cows, heifers, &c. approaching in breed the pure Alderney, there are in the island scarcely more than fifty, and these, by some miracle of nature, produce the '1000 pure Alderneys' that are annually imported into England 'by one dealer alone' (*vide Times* advertisements). They give beautiful milk certainly, but this, like the butter, is very dear.

Alderney, from being near to France, and having no duty to pay on foreign wines, spirits, and tobacco, is the emporium of the vilest *vin ordinaire* under the name of claret, wretched imitations of port and sherry (the latter much adulterated with sulphuric acid), and the most unsmokable tobacco that is anywhere offered for sale. Shooting is allowed without a licence, which, considering that twelve brace of woodcock only, with two and a half of wild fowl, annually visit the island, is not a great boon to the sportsman.

The civil jurisdiction of the place is intrusted to a resident judge and six jurats, or magistrates, who are assisted by an inferior bench of twelve douzainers (the parliament or chamber of deputies), who are elected by the islanders. These, with an executive power of four constables, manage to keep the island in a state of tolerable quiet and order.

The waters around the island abound in almost every variety of fish—turbot, plaice, mackerel, bream, whiting, pollock, and red mullet being at the disposal of any one who takes the trouble to catch them—but no regular fishing is carried on. One day, mackerel may be purchased for 1s. a dozen, while two days after, and perhaps for a fortnight, a fish cannot be obtained for love or money.

On a fine day, the view from the highest part of the place is beautiful, comprising the adjacent coast of France, Guernsey and its cluster of little islets, Sark and Jersey; but the Channel fogs, proverbially so thick, generally preclude all chance for the exercise of a sketcher's abilities, limiting one's landscape to an area of fifty to sixty square yards. When this is not the case, the wind is frequently so violent that there is some risk of the observer being blown away.

For about six months, a company ran steamers from Weymouth to Cherbourg *via* Alderney, so that a regular communication with England and the continent was insured to the island; but finding that traffic was scarce (the natives preferring their old style of cutters), and their steamers having more than once to lie within half a mile of the shore, without seeing it for six hours, owing to fogs, they gave up their laudable enterprise, and the old system of communication resumed its sway. This consists of a small steamer, belonging to the Admiralty contractors, which plies to Guernsey whenever the weather and owners will permit; and of sundry little cutters, of from twenty to forty tons, that are venturesome enough to brave the winds and currents that prevail in this part of the world. I have known Alderney to be a fortnight without any mail-communication whatever, and at the end of that time, one or two bags only conveyed, at two shillings and sixpence a hundred letters, by one of the open cutters. In the summer-time, Alderney is the resort of many excursionists, who are enabled, in a two days' trip, to see almost blue water, the French coast, and genuine fortifications, to say nothing of the cows, which, probably, rather astonish some of those who have known the breed in England. But to a person confined to the island, as I have been, it is anything but a pleasant residence, owing to the absence of



any resources of amusement, and to its delightful quality of 'tightness,' which equally prevents any individual leaving it who may desire to do so, or any news reaching those who are there.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE approach of spring, as usual, wakes up the artists; and photographers as well as painters are making, or preparing to make, the best use of the days of sunshine. Of course, some of the oft-mooted questions are again revived; and in the fact that more than 1200 pictures were sent in for exhibition to the British Institution, and that one-half were rejected for 'other reasons' than want of wall-space, some see a motive for increasing the number of exhibitions, and thereby giving a chance to every picture. There are some people who like bad pictures, and why should they not have opportunity to see a collection all at once? The scheme might be worth trying, if only for the sake of convincing a considerable number of 'artists' that they are much more likely to succeed as house-painters or furniture-decorators, than as rivals of Rubens or Claude. It may be said that we do not want more painters of pictures, but we do want more artists with a knowledge of those principles by which house-painting may be made harmonious in its details and effects; aspiring architects, too, may remember with advantage that they have ample scope for the exercise of real ability in the building of houses, in contradistinction to what is called running them up.

Of noticeable facts in photography, one is that the exhibition of the Photographic Society is remarkably good, and that a fac-simile copy of *Domesday Book* is about to be taken under the direction of Colonel Sir H. James in the Photographic Office of the Ordnance Department at Southampton. We mentioned some time ago the process by which these copies could be taken and multiplied, and would take leave to suggest that it should be applied to any of our national archives that shew signs of decay. We have seen copies of ancient documents which are under the care of the Master of the Rolls, differing in no respect from the originals, except that they are sound and fresh; and we may believe that Englishmen of the future who will look back on our times through as long a vista as we look back on the Conquest, will thank us for handing down to them a perfect image of William the Norman's wonderful book.

In a small work published at Paris, M. Testelin shews, while discussing the theory of the formation of the photographic image, that it is a physical, not a chemical effect, dependent on well-known physical laws which are recognisable in other phenomena. He considers 'electric polarity' to be the exciting cause, and thus puts forth the question to undergo discussion by those photographers who have most studied the effects produced on their interesting operations by comical or meteorological causes.

A subject which seems likely to have an important bearing in investigations of atmospheric phenomena, has been treated of by Dr Tyndall in lectures before the Royal Institution and Royal Society. Starting with some of the experiments made by the late Professor Melloni of Naples, he has examined the effects of heat-radiation, and obtained remarkable results demonstrative of the power possessed by certain transparent and impalpable media of absorbing or intercepting rays of heat. For instance, if elephant gas be placed between the source of heat and the galvanometer by which the amount of heat is measured, an immediate check is observable, and scarcely a trace of heat passes. This result is the more surprising, because of the extreme transparency of the gas; and at first sight it appears hardly credible that the passage of heat should be stopped by something which is

invisible. Similar results are obtained with sulphuric ether, and other kinds of gas, and Dr Tyndall has tabulated them as a basis for further experiment. It should be explained that the heat-rays here in question are derived from an obscure, not an illuminated source—from, in fact, a small cistern of water kept at a boiling temperature. It is thought that meteorologists and astronomers will be able to turn these results to account when studying the phenomena of our own atmosphere, or that of remote planets.

The discussion on the Origin of Species shews but little signs of abatement, for whatever may be the merits of Mr Darwin's theory, his book has, to use a popular phrase, supplied 'a want,' and set many intelligent minds thinking on a profoundly interesting subject. The discussion has extended to the continent, and crossed the Atlantic to New England, where it has been earnestly taken up, as may be read in the *Proceedings* of the Boston Academy of Sciences. According to Professor Gray, unity of origin is much more likely to be demonstrated in the case of plants than of animals, seeing that the former have such immense powers of multiplication to start with; but to insure a fair solution of the question, a wider and more accurate knowledge of palæontological botany than at present prevails is absolutely essential. 'It could be shewn,' said Agassiz, taking part in the discussion, 'that the present distribution of animals was linked with that of earlier periods in a manner which excluded the assumption of extensive migrations, or of a shifting of the flora and fauna from one area to another.' The fact is now well established, that many plants of the present era were in existence before the 'glacial period;' and the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, having had an unusually large reindeer horn brought before them, which was found three feet below the surface in excavating for a railway, argue, that when ice prevailed from Lapland to Switzerland, the reindeer then existed contemporaneously with the cavern-bear and the mammoth; but when, by the change of climate, the plants needful for sustenance of the reindeer perished from the lowlands, the animal also perished, and left its bones to illustrate the history of geology.

The *Proceedings* of the American Geographical Society contain interesting particulars concerning the arctic expeditions which sailed last year from New London and Boston: Dr Hayes, whose object was to search for the open Polar Sea which has long been supposed to exist in the highest circumpolar latitudes, and which was seen by the Russian explorer, Admiral von Wrangell, in one of his adventurous journeys, had written from Upernavik that his prospects were encouraging, that he hoped to winter at Cape Frazer, Grinnell Land, latitude 79° 42', and then carry forward his equipments and provisions as far towards the pole as possible, and there leave them, in readiness for travelling-parties in the spring of the present year, who are to push northwards, and, if possible, discover the mysterious sea. Possibly, they may have a chance of getting to the pole.

The other expedition is still more striking. Mr C. F. Hall, a printer of Cincinnati, a man of dauntless spirit, who has taken especial interest in recent arctic voyages, impressed by the notion that Sir Leopold McClintock has not exhausted the search for relics of Sir John Franklin's unhappy party, sailed last June in a whaleship for Davis' Strait, where he intended to pass the winter at Cumberland Inlet, in acclimatising himself, and acquiring, as far as possible, the habits and language of the Esquimaux. This accomplished, he purposed starting in the spring with a boat, convertible at pleasure into a sledge, accompanied by a few picked natives and a good pack of dogs, for King William Land; and having made certain explorations on the way, he will then devote himself to a careful and minute examination

of the route taken by the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, including the mainland about the mouth of Great Fish River. By this means, employing two or three years if desirable, and sojourning, from time to time, among the natives, Mr Hall hopes to hear of or discover every trace and relic which may yet remain of the Franklin expedition; and we heartily wish him success. If, as we hope, he be alive and well, he is now probably thinking of his start, and making preparations. Excepting natives, he anticipated being quite alone, and he will need courage and endurance to carry him through his self-imposed task in so desolate a region, and to sustain him until he shall return to the shore of Davis' Strait, to watch for some whaler that will give him a voyage home. Should Mr Parker Snow persist in his intention of exploring the same country, he may now calculate on meeting with a companion.

The culture of the vine is becoming more and more an object of attention in North America: the Academy of Science at St Louis, Missouri, has published an able paper thereupon, in which it is shewn that there are, in the southern parts of that state, along the banks of the Osage, the Niangua, and in lands bordering on the Missouri river, 5,000,000 acres of soil excellent for vineyards. It is a limestone region, and bears wild-grapes of good quality, and if we may judge from a lithographic drawing, has a striking resemblance to the scenery of the Rhine. The author of the paper shews that this extent of acres equals that of the grape-bearing districts of France, and that if planted with vines, it would employ 2,000,000 people, and yield 1,000,000,000 gallons of wine annually, worth 500,000,000 dollars. Besides the money value, there might be a promotion of sobriety, by the substitution of pure grape-juice for the villainous compounds so largely sold in the States as wine and brandy.

Some of our readers will be interested in learning that agricultural improvement is not neglected in the United (or Dis-united) States, as appears from an official Report, which is published in the form of a stout octavo; the results are given of the operations carried on in the government experimental and propagating garden at Washington; fertilisers are treated of, breeds of sheep, plants used for food by man, the culture of vegetable fibre, and, for the benefit of the agricultural population, there is a well-written chapter on the best way of building farmhouses, and how to inhabit them without the slovenliness that too often appears in backwoods' dwellings. Acclimatisation of animals and breeding of fish are largely noticed; and we commend to the attention of our newly formed Acclimatisation Society, a passage concerning the golden-breasted agami of South America. 'It is a bird,' says St Hilaire, 'that has the instinct and the fidelity of the dog; it will lead a flock of poultry, or even a flock of sheep, by which it will make itself obeyed, although it is not larger than a chicken. It is not less useful in the poultry-yard than in the field; it maintains order there, protects the weak against the strong, stands by young chickens and ducks, and divides among them their food, from which it keeps away others, and which, itself will not even touch. No animal, perhaps, is more easily taught, or naturally more attached to man.' The Society might, moreover, inquire for that Siamese bean, named *ao-fao*, which contains so much caseine that it can be made into cheese.

A paper read before the Society of Arts by a brother of the indefatigable Mr Ledger, to whom Australia is indebted for the alpaca, gives an interesting account of the habits of that animal, its breeding, and trade derived therefrom in Peru, and briefly, of Mr Ledger's toils and privations during the nine years that he was occupied in gathering a flock together, and driving them by tedious and round-about ways, to evade the Peruvian authorities, until

he at length arrived at Copiapo, and there shipped 322 of the valuable animals for Melbourne. We trust that no colonial jealousies will prevent his receiving his well-earned reward. At present, the flock is taken in charge by the government authorities of Victoria; and by a moderate calculation, it is shewn, that in fifty years hence the number of alpacas will be five million and a half, producing forty million pounds of wool every year, worth 2s. a pound.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, one by the Rev. A. D'Orsey of Cambridge, 'On the Study of the English Language as an essential Part of a University Course,' has been much talked of in literary and scholastic circles, because of the obvious truths which it enunciates. Many a graduate who can tell you to a fold what was the disposition of a Roman toga, is unable to write grammatical English, or even to spell correctly. It is a scandal that those who have to write, teach, or speak a language so rich and forcible as ours, should take so little pains to cultivate it. English oratory, to quote the lecturer's words, presents us with 'nominatives in vain search of missing verbs—verbs pursuing nominatives without success; plurals and singulars joined in ungrammatical wedlock; premises laid down from which no conclusions are drawn; and with conclusions with most vehement 'therefores' drawn from imaginary premises!'—Mr Faraday has given a lecture on platinum at the same place, exemplifying St Clair Deville's method of fusing that intractable metal in a lime-furnace, an important discovery which we noticed some months ago. Apart from its scientific details, this lecture was remarkable for the burst of emotion with which the audience received Mr Faraday's affecting intimation that his career as a lecturer is well-nigh ended.

#### ANSWER TO A STUDENT'S SKETCH OF A WIFE.

'Nor too witty, nor yet too wise;  
Instead of her tongue, she must speak with her eyes;  
And this the beauteous eyes must say:  
'I love thee, Georgius! night and day.'

Nought else, save, perhaps, that 'Bread has risen,'  
And matters to which no man need listen;  
For gossip's a sin, reflection a worse,  
And knowledge you deem in a woman a curse.

She must love your person, admire your wit,  
Revere your wisdom, and follow it;  
In short, to be plain, thy wife must be,  
In all things mental, a second to thee.

Ah me, ah me, alas for the soul!  
That maketh itself a loved one's goal;  
The Upas-tree *Ego* has spread itself there,  
Blighting the flowers that else might be fair.

Ah me, ah me, alas for the wife!  
Who yieldeth thus up her spirit-life,  
With no wondering thoughts in her heart to hide  
Of God, Love, Truth, or aught beside.

The man the centre, the wife the ring,  
Drawn closer and closer by a human string—  
Closer and closer, till they merge in one,  
One atom of dust from the 'vile earth sprung';

He the Sun, and she the Star,  
With no counter-attraction to draw her afar—  
Afar to the regions of light that lie  
Beyond this world's material sky.

First withered, then scorched, then lost in the fire  
That she fancied a Heaven, all life will expire—  
And she'll lie on her husband's heart, a blot,  
Instead of a halo, a darkening spot.     ALPHA.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.